

# The MARSHAL

by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS  
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## THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. — "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." — Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Improved Typewriter Keys. Safety speed keys equipped with springs and cushions for typewriters have been devised, which are said to increase the key area, thus lessening the chances for striking wrong keys, and reducing the jar and wear on both machines and operators.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

Well, Does It? France is considering a new method of checking her falling birth rate. Every male head of a family would have by this arrangement as many votes as he represents persons—two, if married without children; three, four, five, etc., if he has one, two, three children who do not themselves vote. "This," adds our informant, "The British Medical Journal," seems logical.

Be Interested in Something. Many persons waste their energies and time by taking a sham interest in life or some phase of it. They pretend they are interested in art, music, books, because their friends are interested or they devote themselves to charity because it is expected of them.

No one grows old so fast or unattractively as those whose minds are inactive. You can prove for yourself that this must be so. Let your mind become passive for a moment and you will note how the jaw drops, the facial muscles sag and the eyes grow dim. Imagine the effect of a mind never, or only spasmodically, active. Verily to be interested is to keep the mind alert, and that spells youth.

Plutocrat vs. Nobleman. A prominent society matron, apropos of an international marriage that had ended badly, said: "This secondarily foreigner ought to have been treated at the start as old Gobsa Golde treated the Vicomte l'Oignon."

The Vicomte l'Oignon, presenting himself at Golde's cream-colored palace in Fifth avenue, demanded the hand of Miss Lotta.

"Old Gobsa Golde shook his head and pursed his lips. Then, with a kindly smile, drawing out his wallet, he said:

"Oh, no; I can't give you my daughter. That is asking too much. Here, however, are half a dozen soup tickets."

Philadelphia has established a new city bureau to care for transportation matters and projects.

Appetite Finds Ready Satisfaction

In a bowl of Post Toasties and Cream.

Thin, crisp bits of Indian Corn—cooked and toasted so that they have a delicious flavour—

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

the Queen stood with a hand half lifted, arrested. Her blue eyes were alive with the crossing and weaving of swift ideas, and then with a catch of her breath she laughed at him like a pleased child. "Doctor, you are a very clever man," she said. "Together we are going to save the Prince."

The vivacity of the schoolgirl of Madame de Campan flashed for a moment into her manner, warmed to sudden life by the joy of hope. The doctor waited, enchanted, bewildered, to hear his cleverness explained, but Hortense did always the unexpected thing. "I'm not going to tell you," she said. "At least not till I have to—not till tomorrow at all events. But all today, as you visit your patients you may think that you are saving the Prince from his enemies—and tomorrow you may know how. Goodbye, Doctor," and puzzled and pleased, the physician was gone.

"Send Fritz to me," the Queen ordered, and a moment later the young man who was for years the confidential servant of Hortense, who knew more of the history of her middle years, perhaps than any other, stood before her. "Fritz, when does a packet sail for Corfu?" she demanded.

Fritz Rickenback considered it his business to know everything. "To-night," he said.

"You will see that the luggage of Prince Louis is on board, and that a carriage is ready to take him there," she ordered.

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz still stood regarding her seriously. "It is a great happiness to me, your Majesty, that his Highness is well enough to travel."

Fritz knew perfectly that there was a complication somewhere, and he wanted to know what it was. His curiosity was patent, but his deep interest in the affairs of his people could not be an impertinence, and the Queen smiled at him.

"You shall know about it, Fritz," she said. "The Austrians are coming. The Prince cannot be moved. If they take him, it means death. They must believe that he is gone, and it is for you and me to make them believe it, Fritz. You must get a passport signed by all of the authorities—that is easy today; you must engage his place in the packet for tonight; you must tell the servants—tell every one—that the Prince goes to Corfu, and you must see that the proper luggage is on board. It will be known that I stay, but they will not molest an ill woman. Do you understand the plan, Fritz?"

"But yes, your Majesty," Fritz answered with his face alight. And so the packet sailed for Corfu, and all day before the sailing the servants of Hortense moved busily between the palace and the boat, carrying luggage and making arrangements. And only one or two knew the secret that Prince Louis Bonaparte had not sailed in the packet but lay tossing with fever in a little room beyond his mother's, carried there for greater privacy by Fritz and the doctor.

Two days later, as the Queen sat quietly by her boy's bedside, she heard that the vanguard of the Austrians had entered the city, and almost at once Fritz came to tell her that the palace in which she was staying had been chosen for the residence of the general commanding. The probability of this had not entered her mind; it seemed the last straw. The Austrian officer demanded the Queen's own chamber for his chief, but when the steward's wife told him the name of the lady who was in the room which had not been given up, he bowed deeply and said not a word. It was another day.

The old chateau of Vieques—my playfellow, Francois, I told you then I was going to remember, didn't I? Louis Napoleon demanded, laughing boyishly. "Mother, he saved my life from the falling wall. Do you remember the story of my runaway trip?" And Hortense, smiling, delighted to see her sad-faced boy so pleased and exhilarated, did remember, and was gracious and grateful to the young Frenchman. "It is a good omen to have you come to us today," she said with all the dazzling charm which she knew how to throw into a sentence. And then, eager with the headlong zeal of a hunter for the game, she caught the thread which wove into the pattern of her scheming. "You would risk something to save him, would you not? You will take the place of the marquis and travel with us, tomorrow, and help me carry away the prince to safety?"

The dark young face was pale. "Your majesty, it is a happiness I had not dared to hope for yet." "Yet?" the prince demanded laconically. He saved words always, this lad, but he always said his thought. The other boy's face turned to him, and he answered very simply. "But yes, your highness. I have known always that I should have a part in your highness' fate."

In the gray dawn of the next morning there was a slight stir through the palace, and out between the lines of drowsy Austrian sentinels passed a procession of whose true character they were far from aware, else history had changed. The guard watched the departure; the sick lady—Hortense—late queen of Holland, as they all knew her or less clearly, drove away slowly in her traveling calèche, and on the box was a young man in the livery of a groom whom no one of the half-awake soldiers knew for Prince Louis Napoleon; in the middle of the second carriage sat another youth of two or three years younger who was, the queen's servants had been told, the Marquis Zappi. Their passports were examined and they went through the gates of the city without awakening the least suspicion.

Not once in all their dramatic series of escapes and disguises were Hortense and her sons betrayed, but they had to fear the indiscretion of their friends more than the malignity of their enemies, and this part of Italy was full of friends high and low.

At length it was time for the

CHAPTER XIII.

The day of the escape, as the prince, we saw, yet, lay in bed,

word was brought that a messenger of the marquis wished to see the Queen.

"Let me see him too, my mother," the silent, grave young man begged. "It may be that I can help you. I wish to help."

In a moment Fritz introduced a slight alert person whose delicate face was made remarkable by a pair of eyes large and brilliant and full of visionary shadows, yet alive with fire. One saw first those uncommon eyes and then the man. If they had not been entirely concerned with his message they might have remarked that he trembled as he looked at the Prince's face; that his voice shook as he answered the Queen's question.

"I have the unhappiness, your Majesty, to bring you bad news," he said, speaking to her, but still gazing eagerly at the Prince. "The Marquis Zappi, my employer, is ill. He was taken suddenly last night, and today is much worse, and there is no chance that he can travel with your Majesty tomorrow."

The Queen threw out her hands with a gesture of helplessness. "What can we do?" she exclaimed. "Am I to plan and plan and have always an unconquerable obstacle? Can I not save my boy? I might have known that everything seemed too bright this morning, too good to be true. Yet it is not possible that after all they should—she looked at her son; his courage came springing back. "They shall not take you," and her eyes flashed defiance at a world of enemies, and she went over and threw her arm about his neck. "Louis, don't let yourself be excited, dearest. They shall not take you. I can save you."

It was as if she put a spur to her brain; there was a moment's silence and the two lads watched her brows drawing together under the concentration of her brain.

"Of course," she said suddenly, and laughed—a spontaneous laughter which seemed to flood her with youthfulness. She turned her blue glance swiftly on the newcomer, the slender boy with the luminous eyes. "You are in the employ of the Marquis Zappi, monsieur?"

"But yes, your majesty. I am the secretary of Monsieur le Marquis." She paused a second, seemed to take stock of the young man, of his looks, his bearing, his accent.

"You are French. Have you a sympathy with the family of my son, with the Bonapartes?"

It was as if a door had been opened into a furnace, so the eyes blazed. "Your majesty, I would give my life for his highness," he said quietly. The impassive face of the young prince turned toward the speaker, and the half-shut heavy glance, which had rested on him attentively, Louis Bonaparte seemed to remember something.

"What is your name, monsieur?" he asked, and it might have been noticed that his head lifted a little from the pillow as he waited for the answer.

"Francois Beaupre, sire." The young man seemed to be out of breath. "Sire!" Louis Napoleon repeated. And then, "I have seen you before. Where was it? Not in Rome—not in Switzerland—ah!" His hand flew out, and with that Francois was on his knee by the bedside, and had kissed the outstretched thin fingers, and the prince's other hand was on his shoulder fraternally.

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Louis and the sham marquis to drop their livery and travel as the sons of the English woman for whom their passport was made out. The clothes which Beaupre was to wear had belonged to the young man dead at Forli—Louis Bonaparte's brother—and as he presented himself dressed in them, he saw the painful flush which crept upon the prince's face.

"Your highness, I am sorry," he stammered. "It is grief to me." And then he threw himself impulsively on his knees by the side of Louis' chair. "My prince, I wear them with reverence," he said, and then, hesitating, he added: "Perhaps I would seem less unworthy if your highness knew that, mere secretary as I am, I am yet more. I am noble. It is not simple Francois Beaupre whom you honor, but a man created cavalier by the sword of the emperor."

The dull eyes of the prince shot a glance between drooping lids. "What is it you mean, monsieur?" he demanded. But at the moment the queen entered the room, and the lads sprang



There Was a Hubbub of Voices.

to their feet. Her eyes caught the picture of the young Frenchman in his new dress at once; they opened wide and then filled with tears.

"Louis, Louis!" she cried, and laid her hand on his arm. "He looks like him; he looks like Napoleon!"

A deferential knock sounded at the door. Francois sprang to it, and the landlord stood in the opening, bowing elaborately—a soldierly old man with thick grizzled hair.

"A thousand pardons for disturbing miladi and the messieurs," and miladi smiled forgiveness. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to say that one could not help knowing the emperor's kinsman?" He bowed low again to both boys alike, and again Hortense smiled at him. It was comforting to know that the two seemed brothers to the world in general, and she was so used to recognition and loyalty now that they appeared to belong together. "Might an old soldier of the emperor dare to show miladi—her majesty—and the highnesses, the sword which the emperor himself had touched, the sword which he, Jean Greddin, an old cuirassier of the guard, had carried in four battles? There was a little story of the sword, a story also of the wonderful goodness of the emperor, which miladi—her majesty—permitting, would like to tell to her, as also to the highnesses."

And, her majesty permitting, and the boys pleased and interested, the old cavalryman brought the sword and drew it from its sheath and gave it to each of them, to handle, and called on them to remark how it was as keen and bright as it had ever been at Ulm or Austerlitz. He cleared his throat, strongly, for the tale.

"Miladi—her majesty—permitting," he began, "it was on a day two days after the great battle of Austerlitz. The country, as her majesty and the highnesses will remember, was in a most dangerous condition. Desperate hands—Why was it the landlord stopped?"

The party, caught by the fervor of his manner, stared at him, annoyed as the tale of the emperor, promising so well, halted at its beginning. The man stood as if drawn to his tiptoes, every muscle tense, his head turned toward the doorway, listening.

And suddenly they were aware of a stir, a growing noise; there were galloping horses; there was a jingle of harness, and voices coming nearer. With a step backward the landlord flashed a glance from under bushy brows down the corridor, through the open door at the end, which gave on the court of the inn.

"Mon dieu!" He faced the three, standing startled. He spoke fast and low. "Madame, it is a squad of Austrian soldiers; they are upon us. What can we do?" He hesitated only a second. "Bleu-bleu—my horse—saddled under the tree yonder—if one of the princes—if the prince—" He glanced uncertainly from one lad to the other.

But the game was out of his hands. Quicker hands than his had caught the play. Francois Beaupre, the saber of the old cavalryman gleaming in his grasp, sprang to the doorway. "It is," monsieur there who is the prince," he explained rapidly to the landlord. "Hide him, take care of him—I will draw them away. When they are gone, see that the prince and the queen escape. That is for you; you are responsible."

There was the rush of a flying figure down the hallway, and out Francois flashed across a broken line of a dozen dismounted riders, straight toward the landlord's horse held by a groom under the trees. There was a shock of startled silence as the impetuous apparition, saber gleaming at wrist, shot across the court. Then there was a hubbub of voices, and a number of uniformed figures fell toward

threw himself on the horse. A soldier caught at the bridle. The naked sword twinkled and the man was under Bleu-bleu's feet. For a second there was a vortex of men and a frantic horse, and riding the storm a buoyant figure of fury, flashing a blade, with infinite swiftness, this way and that. Then horse and lad shot out from the living canvas, streaked the background of trees a second and were gone, and the Austrian troopers scrambled into their saddles to follow.

Through sun-spotted, breeze-tossed woods tore the chase; across a road and over a low fence, and still Francois led, but the heavy horses gained. It was a hopeless hunt, for the landlord's mount was no match for the light cavalry horses, yet the rider's big weight and clever horsemanship counted, and it was fully four miles from the inn when Bleu-bleu stumbled and fell at a ditch, and Francois pitched over his head. His lead was short by now, and they were on him in a moment, in a mass; he was seized by a dozen burly Austrians.

The leader took a sharp look at him as he stood panting, staring defiantly. "What is this?" the Austrian demanded sternly, and wheeled to a trooper in a bunch. "Friedrich, thou knowest the cub of the Bonapartes, is this lad he?"

And Friedrich lunged forward, gasping, for he had run his horse hard, and shook his head. "No, my captain, I have never seen this one."

The boy looked from one to another of the threatening group, smiling, composed in spite of his quick breathing. The captain took a step close to him and shook his fist in his face.

"You have fooled us, you young game-cock, have you? But wait. Do you know what we will do to you, you bantam of a Frenchman? Do you know how we will treat you for this, we Austrians?"

Color deepened in his cheeks, and Francois drew up his figure magnificently.

"You may do what you like, Messieurs," he said gallily. "It is for you; my part is done. The prince is safe."

CHAPTER XIV.

After Five Years.

The window of the cell was small, but it was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the sea-line six miles away, and, by leaning close to the bars, the hill that sloped down into wooded country; beyond that the sand of the shore. The jailer stood close by the little window in the stormy sunset for a better light as he dropped the medicine.

"One—two," he counted the drops carefully up to nine, and then glanced at the prisoner on his cot in the corner, who tossed, and talked rapidly, disinterestedly. "It is high time that the doctor saw him," the jailer spoke, half aloud. "If the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to run on. I am glad the governor is coming back."

With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring at the jailer.

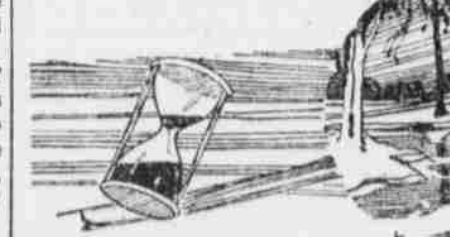
"Pietro!" he called in astonishment. "Why, my dear old Pietro! and flung out his hands eagerly toward the man, and would have sprung from the bed to him.

But the jailer was at his side and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, signor," he said respectfully. "It is only old Battista; you will see if you look. Only Battista, who has taken care of you these five years."

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him hungrily; then with a sigh the light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good Battista." A smile full of a subtle charm made the worn face bright. He

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



VALUE OF PROPER SPELLING

Attribute Highly Valued in Commercial Life, and Is a Sense to Be Developed.

Good spelling and intelligent punctuation are the accomplishments that keep many gray-haired women drawing good salaries as stenographers in downtown offices. The manager of a typewriting office from which are sent hundreds of stenographers makes no secret of the fact that good spellers are scarce.

"We had a customer come in the other day," said the manager, "who had evidently had a run of hard luck in the spelling line. He wanted a woman who could spell. 'No matter if she's cross-eyed and has a hunch on her back,' he said, 'if she can spell and write an intelligent letter.' While this was a rather extreme case it shows that employers are beginning to grow impatient over the careless spelling of today."

Another office sending out many stenographers has a series of test letters prepared especially with spelling catches for the unwary. Common words, famous as pitfalls for careless spellers, are strewn throughout these specimen letters. Fully half the applicants put an extra e in separate; in many cases the e before the last syllable in noticeable is missing, while the correct placing of the i's in the

spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he explained gently.

"Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked then, not much noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throb of memory which always moved within him at the name of Pietro. It happened that the name stood for some one dear to the jailer also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

"Will it make me better, do you think, Battista?" he asked earnestly. "But yes, signor; the doctor is clever."

"I want to be better; I must get well, for I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

"Surely, signor. That will be soon now, I think, for it is five years; they will let you go soon, I believe," Battista lied kindly.

"You are good to me, Battista," the boy said, "and just now you gave me a great pleasure. It warms me yet to think of it, for, you see, I thought you were Pietro—my dear Pietro—the Marquis Zappi."

Battista, breathless, stared, stammered. "Whom—whom did you say, signor?"

But the prisoner had flashed into reason. The color went out of his face as the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say a name? Battista—you will not betray me—you will not repeat that name? I would never have said it but that I was not quite steady. I must have been out of my head; I have never spoken his name before in this place. Oh, if I should bring danger to him! Battista, for God's sake, you will not repeat that name?"

Battista spoke low, glancing at the heavy iron door of the cell. "God forbid, signor," he whispered, "that I should speak here in his own castle, the name of my young master."

There was a long silence. The prisoner and his jailer gazed at each other as if saying things beyond words. Then the boy put out his long hot fingers and caught the man's sleeve.

"Battista," he murmured, "Battista—is that true? Is it possible? Do you know—my Pietro?"

"Know him, signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My father has served his for eight hundred years." The man was shaking with a loyalty long pent up, but Francois lifted his head, leaned on his elbow, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"But, Battista, I know you now; he has spoken to me of you; it was your son, the little Battista, who was his body-servant when they were children?"

"Yes, signor."

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castelforte; you would not tell me."

"I could not, signor. I am forbidden. It is forbidden. I am risking my life every minute."

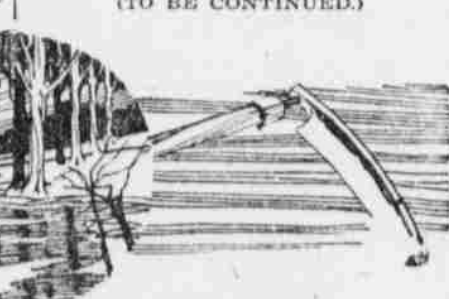
"Go, Battista," and Francois pushed him away with weak hands. "Go quickly—you have been here too long. There might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you."

"It is right so far, signor," Battista answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hands to his lips. "The friend of my young master," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional faithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappis had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrorized and ground down by these "Austrian swine"; the memory of the old masters, the personality of anyone connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in his own, then he stood up.

"I shall be back at bedtime, signor," he said quietly, and was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



word parallel reduces many of the applicants to a state of discouragement.

"Good spelling is a pretty sure sign of mental alertness," said a business man with several offices and many stenographers. "I find that if one of our stenographers is naturally a good speller she is interested in the correct spelling and use of new words that come to her attention in reading or in dictation. Now as a matter of fact it is no small job to keep up with the spelling of the hundreds of new words are scarce."

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"Rabbit Drives" Advocated. The western farmer dislikes the coyote, and a bounty is offered for its pelt; the result is that the coyotes have greatly diminished. But, says the Portland Oregonian, the killing of the coyotes has resulted in a great increase of rabbits; many experiments have been made to diminish their number by inoculating them with disease, but without satisfactory results. Rabbit "drives" are the only sure remedy; 16,000 jack rabbits were killed in one county in Oregon in this way last winter.